

THE STUDENT'S PEN

JUNE 1955

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



MR. ROY M. STROUT
Principal of Pittsfield High School
1921—1955

PITTSFIELD MASSACHUSETTS

The Student's Pen

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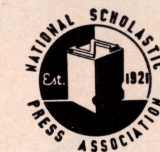
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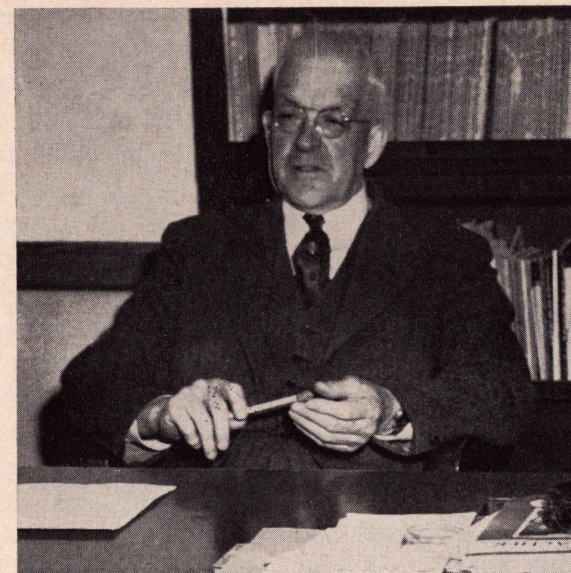
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Tribute to a Good Friend

HOW strange it is that we seldom show our appreciation to a wonderful person until he must leave us. This is especially true now as we hear that our beloved principal, Mr. Roy Strout, is retiring. Thus with deep regret we shall try to make amends for our shameful slight, and tell him exactly what he has meant to us.

We cannot help but think of Mr. Strout as the personification of school spirit. Countless are the times when he has inspired a packed auditorium with his enthusiasm before an important game. Although he has felt fathomless disappointment when the PHS team hit the slumps, he has ever had a sincere faith in our teams and not only added a word of encouragement during rallies, but also attended the games to help cheer the boys—win or lose.

No PHS activity was so slight as to escape Mr. Strout's attention. Oftentimes he would lug the girls' ski team through the slippery, snow-bound streets to the ski slopes, and even would ski along with them. Seldom has he missed a party of THE STUDENT'S PEN Club or failed to take interest in the magazine's progress.

Nowadays, when there is so much talk of juvenile delinquency and hoodlumism, teenagers are in need of a true friend, who will not only console them but will do something in their defense. We students of Pittsfield High School have found such a friend in Mr. Strout.

Whenever a small problem has arisen between the community and the students because of some slight but perhaps thoughtless prank on the part of the latter, Mr. Strout has always stood by us and tried to understand the problem from the students' as well as the adults' point of view. Although he often used strict disciplinary measures we realized that he would be fair and we appreciated it. Many boys and girls have felt free to bring their problems to Mr. Strout, who always found time to listen and to lend a helping hand. Quite often troublesome situations have been avoided by his willingness to discuss the problem with the student body, and to find a solution agreeable to all.

Perhaps the most outstanding thing that we shall remember about Mr. Strout is his kindly smile and cheerfulness. PHS will not seem quite so bright without our beloved principal.

Next September when we turn our feet with lagging steps toward school we shall think of him heading merrily toward the old fishing hole.

We realize that although officially he has retired he will never cease to spend time helping young people. Therefore, Mr. Strout, we, the students of Pittsfield High School, extend our heartfelt good wishes to you—our principal and our friend.

The Shepherd

*Gently, yet firmly, he led his flocks;
Wisely and kindly he smoothed o'er the rocks
That lay exposed to the quaking sheep;
And he guided them lovingly over each steep.*

*He guarded them all with equal care
And always he was just and fair.
The youngest lamb to the oldest ewe
Received his devotion, not just a few.*

*In summer sun, in winter rain
He never failed them, regardless of pain
Or discomfort inflicted on him.
They were not just creatures; they were his kin.*

*And thus as the years rolled rapidly by
He saw lambs born, he saw sheep die.
He rejoiced in their full grown, soft, white wool
He mourned at the sound of the shearer's tool.*

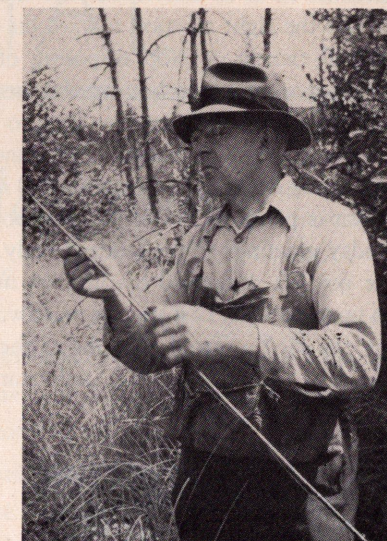
*And when he's gone, they'll feel him yet
Smiling upon them — he'll ne'er forget.
His spirit lingers in the air —
His helping hand is there, somewhere . . .*



Kaleidoscope

Mr. Roy Strout, principal of P.H.S., is retiring. For thirty-four years he has been the head of this school and has seen the enrollment increase from 1050 to 1450 people. We might be criticized for using the word "people" instead of pupils or students, but we feel that perhaps this word is the key to Mr. Strout's great success at P.H.S. He has always considered the students to be people—not mere statistics, or immature minds to be crammed impersonally with technical knowledge and sent on. Maybe this attitude explains why he has stayed for so long at P.H.S. and brought about so many changes here. He is just right for this school, and we love him.

Perhaps Mr. Strout developed some of his boundless enthusiasm for our athletic teams as a result of coaching sports during his first year as a teacher



Mr. Strout looking for trout



Mr. Strout receiving a well deserved award

in Dexter, Maine, High School. No one has been a better morale builder for the teams and students than he. Because he is so convinced that the students will have the right reaction toward his pleas to sell baseball tickets or stop disposing of the cafeteria dishes, we can't help but do what he asks.

The sense of humor that enables him to cope with so many refractory pupils and still come out of his office smiling is particularly manifested in the clever Christmas poem he frequently uses to convey his holiday greetings to the student body.

We have not left unnoticed his interest in and kindness to young people. Last year he was awarded a plaque by the Hi-Y—Tri-Hi-Y clubs as the person who has done the most to foster understanding between the community and youth.



Schussing down a slope

Valedictory

He has worked very hard for his "graduation"
To full time enjoyment—a well earned vacation.
The juniors all wish he would stay one year more;
The sophomores, a couple; grade schoolers, a score.

But we must let him go, for he well deserves peace,

To a pleasant retirement after years without cease

Of helping others.



An interested spectator at the Pittsfield-St. Joe Game

First Impressions of Mr. Strout

MO CONNORS—"He spoke kindly but there was authority in his voice."

DAVE FOOT—"He was firm; a disciplinarian, yet ready to see the other fellow's side of it."

EILEEN WILLNER—"He was able to see things clearly and fairly and with a sense of humor."

JANE BRENNAN—"I just like him."

LARRY HAPGOOD—"As full of school spirit as our cheerleaders."



EDITORIAL

War in the Classroom

By Toni Lincks, '56

SOMEWHERE way back in the foggy pages of history some inconsiderate nobody decided that students and teachers should not mix. The idea, secretly planted in the minds of his unsuspecting comrades, has been passed down from generation to generation until it has become an accepted fact.

Naturally the "mixing" does not concern the physical possibility of walking down the same corridor or sitting in the same room. Ah, no. It is something much more complicated, a certain state of mind that holds each group to a common purpose—to thwart the other.

The brainiest brains and the laziest dumbbells band together against a mutual enemy. Teachers, the easy-going and the terrors alike, man their guns before the juvenile invaders. The two foes are as near to each other as white to black or cold to hot. The faculty make up the former. They hold themselves icily aloof and look down upon the youthful villains as they try to freeze them under tons of homework. The students, forming the latter group, try to melt their iceberg profs with practical jokes, undone homework, and even insolence, which usually gets them even further into hot water, increasing the gap of misunderstanding.

This is a crazy mixed-up state of affairs. Students are not really meant to be potential juvenile delinquents; nor do teachers want to be slave drivers and prison wardens incapable of human qualities. Something must be done to stop this tug-of-war, and done quickly.

It will not do any good for a student to hang around his instructor and tickle him with flattery. Teachers are wise to such antics. Nor will it help, no matter how pleasing it sounds to the students' ears, for the prof to suddenly announce, "Okay now, let's be friends. No more homework, tests, or discipline!"

Before the barrier can be broken down each must get to know and understand the other. Each must swallow his pride and work toward a common end. Students will soon come to realize that teachers are just grown-up fellows and gals who can be just as pleasantly nonsensical as the students, perhaps more so, as they have had a few more years to practice. When the students prove that they really are eager to learn, half the battle will be won.

Teachers too must play their part. They must realize that although their subject may come as second nature to them, those who are meeting it for the first time may find it a complicated, unsolvable puzzle. Scorn and impatience have no place at a time like this. Also, although a brief break from a subject may be welcome now and then, no student wishes to endure his prof's life history, or last year's jokes, when there is a difficult lesson needing to be explained or a hard exam due the following day.

Yes, somebody once said that teachers and students could not mix, and the situation has been bad ever since. East is east and west is west but it's time the twain should meet. Let's hoist the flag of truce and shake hands peaceably in order that the "war in the classroom" may be only a bit of forgotten history.

Felipe El Loco

By Marlene Burns, '55

IT was just last night as I was glancing over the evening paper that I saw the small article which was to bring back to my mother a flood of memories: an announcement that a modern dance group would be performing tonight the sad story of "Felipe el Loco."

My mother first told me of Felipe as she remembered her last years in Malaga with the gypsies before coming to this country. She often used to talk of Escudero and his dancers; but when she first spoke to me of Felipe, she relived for him every moment of his tragedy.

She said that from his earliest days, Felipe was a madly passionate and impulsive person. He would dance the *flamenco* as if he were pouring out the essence of his fiery soul in movement. Even the inimitable Escudero, who, since those days, has been to America many times with his family of dancers, would shake his head sadly when he saw the final triumphant stance of the body which would mark the end of Felipe's dance. Even Vicente knew that the wild impulsiveness of Felipe could be captured only fleetingly in the movement of the gypsy dance.

When Felipe was older, the old man heard that Leonide Massine was seeking choreographic help for his ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat." Vicente immediately thought of young Felipe, who might not only strike a true evocation of the Spanish spirit with his design of movement, but who might be personally benefited by experiences with individuals of different temperaments and artistic techniques. Upon hearing this plan, Felipe seemed unusually reluctant to leave his people and travel to a northern European country where coldness and formality would be the encompassing physical and emotional qualities. But, as had happened many times before, the old man, with his fierce Latin expressiveness, spoke for hours to Felipe; and when the young man emerged alone from Vicente's place, he was in sad agreement with Escudero, who secretly prayed that he was counseling the wild young creature in the best possible way. But Escudero was getting old, and Felipe was becoming more and more

of an unruly animal as the days passed before he was to leave for England. He spent hours tempestuously dancing to the clack of the Spanish castanets.

When Felipe first arrived in England, he was a conspicuously foreign and stormy sight in his scarlet cloak as he walked the street among conventional Northerners clothed in ordinary blue and grey. He was constantly amazed by the restraint of these people, which, to his passionate nature, seemed almost forced and quite unnatural. He was most amazed when he met Massine and his troupe.

The choreographer was a small, slight man with an exceedingly large head of hair and a very quiet, whispered voice which seemed natural to Felipe only in the rare moments when Massine would raise it for some reprimand to his company. The dancers themselves seemed most unaware of Felipe and very unconcerned about his strangeness, his feeling of being so out-of-joint. They appeared concerned only with their own body movements and the stage gossip. But, to Massine, they were a highly cooperative, talented, and understanding group; one, which he thought, would be thoroughly sympathetic to any of Felipe's suggestions in choreography.

Felipe knew the story of Massine's ballet, and had planned movements which he thought would meet not only Massine's expectations, but Escudero's also. Soon after the young man arrived in England, rehearsals began in earnest. At first, it was a period of sketching in the movements—a period of explanation and personal introduction. Felipe knew the nature of these people, but still could not quite understand how they could so lack feeling and characterization as they interpreted his passionate movements. Day after day he would explain to Massine that they did not seem to be responding to him, but rather whiling away the hours of rehearsal time merely warming-up. Massine came in a few times; and it helped immeasurably when he relieved Felipe of the ponderous responsibility of

trying to inject the Latin flavor into the dancing of these people. Massine would sometimes dance a variation of Felipe's additional choreography; and this presumption on Massine's part greatly upset the young man, who could do nothing about it but explain again in vehement, broken English that this was not what he wanted. Felipe would then demonstrate in a series of Spanish steps just exactly what he had designed; but, as always, the effort would prove useless. The company wanted no part of this young upstart who was so violent in his emotions and actions. After a while, Massine himself became indifferent to Felipe's imposing personality.

In the meantime, Felipe, filled with anguish and insecurity, tried to reach Escudero and tell him of his state of affairs in this most unfavorable climate. Again and again he wrote to my mother, but only received letters which ended on the sad note that Vicente Escudero and his troupe were still on their first extended South American tour. Felipe waited in England and slowly began to seek blindly for a familiar remnant of his own temperament. He would pass the mornings and afternoons alone after unsuccessful bouts with Massine and his company, and he would dream of his dancing with the wild young gypsy girls near Malaga. The flying black hair, the footbeats, the torrid rhythms of the castanets—all these dreams would make him feel at ease with his soul for the first time since his arrival.

The weeks passed, and still no word came from the old man. Felipe and a gypsy ballerina—this imaginary animal beauty conjured up for him a reliving of the simple past and indicated to Massine the confused, detached state of Felipe's mind. He watched Felipe dancing by himself to the strains of unheard guitar music; and he would shake his head sadly, for deep in his heart he vaguely realized how the clash in idioms had destroyed the true passion in this young gypsy and made him only tangent to the real world.

..... My mother never finishes the tale of Felipe, for it breaks her heart to think of this living-death of a once-beautiful animal being. As I told her of the newspaper announcement for tonight's performance, she just muttered, "Felipe . . el . . Loco," and then moved away silently, sadly.

HOW LONG . . . ?

By Gollan Root, '56

"How long do I have?" he asked,
As he stared out through the bars.
"An hour or less," they told him,
As his eyes scanned o'er the stars.

"Forgive me, my Lord," he prayed.
"I've erred and know I was wrong."
"Oh, holy Father in Heaven,
I pray it does not take long."

"How long is it now?" he asked them.
"A fourth of an hour," they said.
"Relax, sit down, take it easy.
You don't feel a thing when you're dead."

"Oh, heavenly God, give me strength,"
He whispered that no one would hear.
"How long is it now?" he inquired.
"A minute. You've nothing to fear."

"Oh, Lord, I ask for one thing.
Take care of my dear wife, Sue."
And he added very quickly,
"Take care of little Joe, too."

"It's time now," they roughly told him,
As they opened up the door.
"Just a second," he said in a quiet tone.
And he fell on his knees to the floor.

A moment passed and he then rose,
Contentment in his eye.
"All right," said he so very calm.
"I'm now prepared to die."

His footsteps echoed down the hall.
Thought he, "I know I'm ready."
And as he neared that fateful room
His footsteps grew more steady.

They strapped him to the cold, black chair,
And asked, "What's your last word?"
He answered in a monotone
So clear that each one heard.

"Tell the world that there is hope,
Hope for the penitent sinner."
Then God and Satan fought for his soul,
And God was proclaimed the winner.

My Chemistry Notebook

Name: Joanna Camerlengo—'55 Mark ?

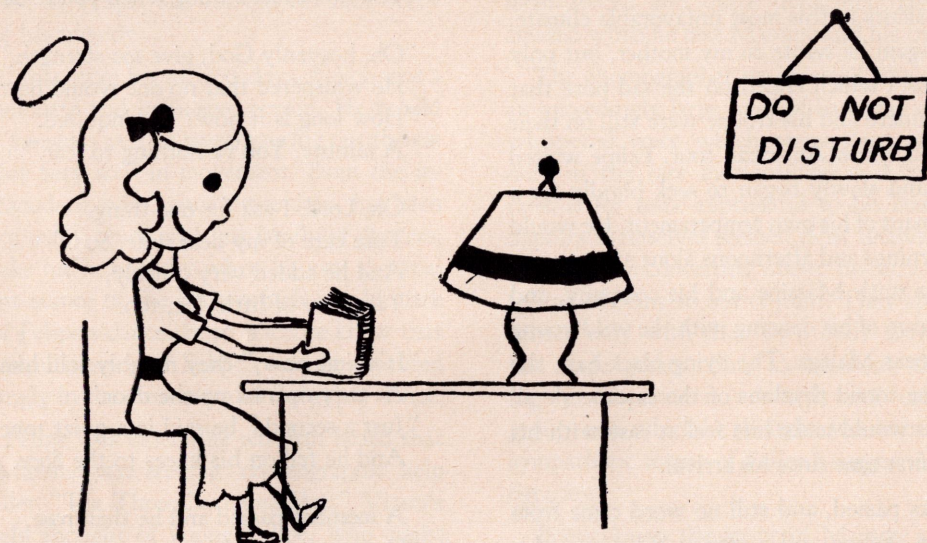
EXPERIMENT I: HOW TO STUDY CHEMISTRY

Introduction: Studying has been recognized for many decades as one of the *legitimate* methods commonly employed for raising one's marks. (Needless to add, there are other ways.) It is a phenomenon of daily occurrence and one especially important to modern man (and woman)!

Purpose: To show all students, from the lowly sophomore to the more experienced and erudite (?) senior, the correct method for studying.

Equipment: One student (namely you) intensely interested in absorbing some chemistry; one desk; one chair (guaranteed to promote good posture); one forty-watt light bulb, preferably attached to a source of electricity if this is at all possible; several reams of paper; two pens; one chemistry book; and an ample supply of erasers, ink, Cokes, other edible material suitable for snacks, silence, and patience.

STUDENT DIAGRAM



Equation: 1 Student plus 1 Chemistry Book = 1 good mark

Note: This reaction may be hastened by removing all telephones, radios, comic books, and little brothers.

Procedure: First say a fervent prayer for success; it may come in handy. Having arranged your materials, cross your fingers and sit down. You are now ready to begin.

Original temperature of room: 70° F

Page of lesson (Consult assignment book): ?

Number of Cokes: 6 (In the easy-to-carry case)

What occurs when the book is opened?

A feeling of despair.

Commence reading. Do not, under any circumstances, yield to that overpowering impulse to throw up your hands and slam the book. (Perseverance overcomes all obstacles.) Calm your nerves and stimulate your memory and intellect (if you have such a thing) by remembering, as you sip your Coke, that it is a weak acid, turns blue litmus red, ionizes only slightly yielding one CO_3 —and two H^+ ions, and (—gee, somehow that soda doesn't taste so good any more—) your cracker is really composed of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon.

Would a mixture of nitric acid (HNO_3) and carbon monoxide (CO) taste just as good?
Try it and see!

As you swallow that luscious mouthful of chocolate cake made with Betty Crocker's Instant Cake Mix (I'm getting paid for this) try to visualize the complex chemical changes about to take place inside you. (Ugh!) Do not turn to the page which tells how to make TNT, tear gas bombs, or lethal poisons out of commonplace articles found in every household, but continue to stumble, blindly but hopefully, through the assigned chapter of fascinating (?) chemistry. By this time you will be convinced that:

Fools are made of men like me

Who try to study chemistry.

Final temperature of room: 212° F.

Number of Cokes left: none

How much time did the experiment take? *Too Much.*

Did the experiment succeed? *What a silly question!*

Conclusions and related questions:

1. The reaction between a student and a chemistry book may best be described as *a hopeless battle against the march of useless, easily-forgotten knowledge.*
2. What is the compound formed in this experiment?
One confused, disillusioned student.
3. Write the formula for success.
No such thing can possibly exist.
4. Describe briefly an alternative method for learning chemistry.
Go to sleep on the book; such knowledge as is contained therein may possibly be transferred to your brain by osmosis.

IN SUMMER

By Sara Milne, '55

To lie on the sand, baked with the sun,
To swim in cool water when you get "overdone,"
To hike through cool, green, pine-scented woods—
These are my favorite livelihoods.

To smell a camp fire in the air
And sniff of the foods that are cooking there,
To gaze with awe at bright colored flowers—
These fill my favorite summer hours.

To hear the surf beat on the rocks,
To dive into water, sending shocks
Of cold along one's tingling spine—
These are moments only mine.

To laugh and sing with a group of friends,
To regret the hour when each day ends,
To dance on the grass, under the moon
All these seem to end too soon.

A LAMENT: FOR MY VOCABULARY

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

"The words for said are myriad,"
My English teacher stated;
"There's whispered, stuttered,
Boasted, muttered,
Begged, equivocated.
Apologized and eulogized,
Bragged, bantered, and berated.

"Expressing question or debate
Are queried, verified;
Reiterated, fulminated,
Argued and replied.
Asserted, pleaded—"
I, unheeded, impolitely sighed.

Somewhere, I fear, I was misled;
I overwork that poor word "said."
She tries to help; I can't deny it.
I just wish I could profit by it!

Mission

By Jon Shepardson, '56

IT came with a soft hissing,—slowly. No one saw it come; no one knew it had come, but it came,—slowly. And as it settled, “they” began to move. They moved swiftly, with intelligence, no movement wasted. The mission was to carry them to the installation, within the city.

They reached the city under the cover of night, as the darkness hung like fog, surrounding the buildings in mysterious cloaks, impervious to the eye. They passed these buildings and the center of the city and started west to the installation. The darkness little hindered their speed, and the installation was quickly reached. Within the installation they moved more slowly, with deliberation, and at length reached the gate at which he was stationed. He saw nothing . . . and as they left him and passed into an office they came upon her. Her end was precipitated in the same manner as the one before.

It was not that they were ignoble but rather saw nothing in the trite intelligence of the two.

They proceeded as before at the labor assigned them and the darkness seemed thicker than before, tainted with the odor of death. However, still no one knew.

It sat, as they had left it, undisturbed and quiet, cloaked in the darkness and seclusion of the night,—hissing. It was their ship, capable of traveling the great distance they had come at an enormous speed, unheard of in this place. It would have astounded ones like the two but they thought little of it.

The installation fell easy prey to their great intelligence, locks and walls proving to be no impediment as they worked. They were now preparing for the final step, and no mistake could be made, not one. In their intelligence they made no mistakes and their feverish work drew toward a termination.

They made final adjustments and then stopped work as quickly as they commenced and returned to it, their ship. As the mid-point of the night had not yet passed, the darkness and stillness of the city was still unbroken as they returned, retracing their route. They passed the center and traveled north through the city—toward it.

Another, like the two who were gone, came upon their work as he checked the installation and sought aid from one who knew of such things; but even he who was sought knew little. He did, however, set out to discover; and he set to work with great industry. But time was growing short.

They reached their ship and prepared to depart, making sure everything was in order, as it seemed to be. When all was set, the final setp was advanced, the button was pushed. There was a short, shrill, high whistling noise, a rumble, a glow. Then finally the flash. They had gone, their mission accomplished. The world would never know.

THE TRUE WAY

By Marlene Langenback, '55

We should take our frowns and mold them over and make them into smiles.

We should gather all our griefs and fears and put them back a mile.

We should leave a path of sunshine, and form a rainbow of our tears.

We should make ourselves a friend of all
To cherish through the years.

BEYOND

By Sara Milne, '55

Upon the summit we now stand;
Below us lies the rolling land—
Smaller hills and valleys deep
Through which we traveled to reach this steep.

Above and beyond us stretches the sky
Challenging, calling, “Come, give me a try.
I’ve thousands of stars for you to explore.
You’ve conquered one height, but I hold many more.”

I Met Ronald Reagan!

By Jane Massimiano, '57

WHEN the Public Relations Department of the General Electric Company announced that Ronald Reagan, popular screen star and host for the General Electric Television Theatre, would visit the local plant, I realized that here was the once-in-a-life-time opportunity to interview a movie star. I had heard how difficult it was to approach most movie stars, let alone for a very green teenage reporter to face them long enough to get any answers; but it was worth a try.

Mr. Carl Beers, whom I called for the appointment, indicated that Mr. Reagan would be running a “tight schedule,” but he was sure that I could squeeze in a few minutes. Now all I had to do was think about a few questions that wouldn’t sound too foolish. More important still was amassing enough courage to approach Mr. Reagan.

Monday afternoon arrived. Naturally, I arrived at the Wendell fifteen minutes early; Mr. Reagan had not yet returned from one of his first trips through the G.E. A few minutes after four, he appeared. With shaking knees I went up to introduce myself. In a quiet, well-modulated voice he made me feel quite at ease, (Girls, he is more handsome than he appears on the screen).

As we sat in the lobby, I put my first question to him: “What preparations should teen-agers make who are contemplating acting as a career?” Mr. Reagan came immediately to the point. He emphasized that acting is hard work and that one can’t start preparing too soon. He advised high school pupils to concentrate on English, public speaking and debating; a little theatre work, participating in class plays, and getting before the public as much as possible are also important. The same pattern should be followed in college. He used his own experiences as examples. Strangely enough, he broke into movies while broadcasting a baseball game in California, but he hastened to add that his work in dramatics and public speaking helped him tremendously.

I then inquired how he selected the stories for G. E. Theatre. He admitted that he and his staff

read all the popular fiction and magazine short stories, always looking for something different.

I was impressed by the star’s kind attention and his interest. I know that Mr. Reagan was running a “tight schedule,” but one would never know it by the way he talked to me. It is no wonder that General Electric has appointed him to direct its theatre.

It was not until later, when I recovered from the excitement of the interview that I realized what a dynamic individual he really was—quiet, gracious, charming, and completely unaffected. And yet the General Electric officials who arranged trips, dinners, luncheons, T.V. appearances, and so many other activities, missed the boat completely on what I believe would have been Mr. Reagan’s best appearance—at Pittsfield High School—because I know that every student at P.H.S. would have listened as intently as I did.

INCONSISTENCIES

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

Dice, you know, comes from die,
But rice doesn’t come from rye,
And lice is not the plural of lye.

Even if blow becomes blew,
Glow can’t turn to glue;
That would never do.

Ate may come from eat,
But grate is not part of greet,
And mate doesn’t *usually* come from meet.

Although fly is turned to flew,
Sigh won’t turn to sue,
And try won’t end up as true.

Just because drink becomes drank
Doesn’t mean think becomes thank;
And it’s very bad to say thunk
Just because you say drunk.

BOOK REVIEW

Anne Frank The Dairy of a Young Girl

By Carole Spearin, '57

"THE DIARY of a Young Girl" is Anne Frank's true story. In her own words she describes the two difficult years of the last World War which two Jewish families, her own and the Van Daans, spent in hiding from the Germans in Amsterdam, Holland.

Since Anne began her diary with her thirteenth birthday, while she still belonged to the "outside" world, the reader is allowed to compare her happy life then as a normal teenager with the life of problems later forced on her. Girls will particularly enjoy this account of Anne's early life, her friends, and her school.

With the start of the period in hiding, this girl's existence was altered so greatly and abruptly that it now seems like fiction. The reader soon becomes acquainted with her parents, her sister, and the Van Daan's son, Peter. These brave people, compelled to be on constant guard against discovery in their secret home inside a business establishment, were deprived of things others took for granted—the sun, the outdoors, and even the right to make noise.

It was inevitable that individuals in such cramped quarters could not live in complete harmony. Quarrels arose, of which many concerned Anne, for, as a fun-loving girl, she found it difficult to accept silently the harsh words and criticisms from her elders. With no one to confide in but her diary, a poor substitute, and Peter, whom she later came to like, these were years of mental growth for Anne. The reader cannot avoid noticing her determination to overcome her faults, to understand her family, especially her mother, and to accept her life as it was. Yet she did not seem to lose her unselfishness or her faith in humanity. From her share of food, poor as it was, she saved her allotment of sugar to be made into sweets for their Dutch protectors. These protectors, courageous people, often endangered themselves by bringing food and other necessities to the hiding place. Perhaps their greatest gifts

were their constant bravery and cheerfulness during a time when these qualities meant so much.

The reader experiences with this girl the fearful moments of the air raid bombing and the time German police stood outside their door. Anne's joy at the long-awaited Allied invasion of 1944 is understandable, since she wished so strongly for the end of the war and the commencement of her formal schooling again.

Discussing her own future, Anne wrote, "I want to go on living after my death." Though this brave girl died in 1945, she did continue to live, for her diary with its wonderful message has been published throughout the world and remains a "monument to her fine spirit and to the spirits of those who have worked and are working for peace."

BASEBALL BRAIN TEASER

By Phil Pryde '55

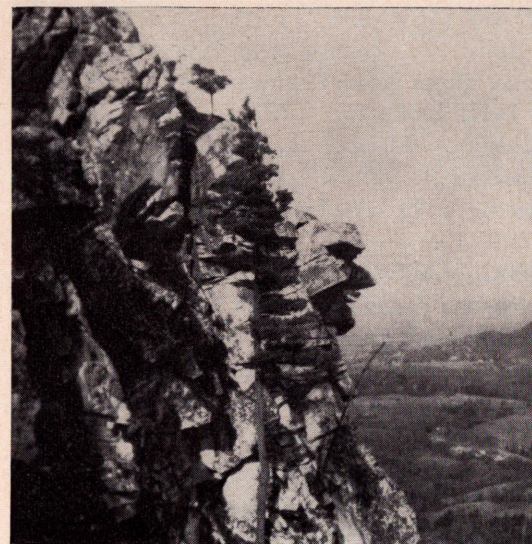
The starting line-up of a big league baseball team consists of nine men whom we shall call Al, Bob, Carl, Dick, Ed, Frank, George, Hank, and Jim. Below are ten facts about these men. Using these facts, can you determine which men started in which positions?

1. Neither Carl nor any of the outfielders have ever been married.
2. Both members of the battery were honorably discharged from the Army.
3. Hank was in the same class as Dick all through grade school.
4. The centerfielder, the shortstop, and Frank are the only players over 30 years old.
5. Even though he is only 22 years old, Dick is the best hitter on the team, and last year he led the league in "times at bat."
6. The first baseman and the right fielder will have a double marriage ceremony next spring.
7. George and the pitcher take their wives to Europe every winter.
8. Bob, a confirmed bachelor, and Jim are scheduled to be drafted soon.
9. Carl and the catcher play off-season ball in Cuba.
10. Ed and the second baseman both have sons in the same high school.

(Solution on page 24)

OUR BERKSHIRES

By Gay Skogsberg, '55



"OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN"

THE Berkshire Hills, a southern extension of the Green Mountains and the Taconic Range of New York (though unlike these mountains as they have no central spine of pronounced peaks,) form a high rolling plateau, which extends from the boundary of Vermont down to Connecticut. Although these ranges are called hills, it would not be an overstatement to call them mountains, as anyone would who had met the challenge of the hills and adventured on foot to the summit.

The Berkshires are classified as the most scenic spot in the world by thousands of visitors. But just exactly how many of these people have disappeared into the woods on an upward trail, and have had the opportunity to appreciate the beauty of our county? The real beauty lies in the nature around one, the scent of the clean, quiet forest, the feeling of the mossy earth beneath one, the feeling of sparkling, crystal clear brooks as they come tumbling down the mountain slope; the cool fresh exhilarating mountain air blowing against one; and the sudden thrill of emerging from the woods and finding oneself on top of the world, where the winds whistle and bend the scrub pine to the barren earth. What a peaceful place to take a nap and get a wind or sun burn!

The Berkshire Hills are covered with hiking trails for the experienced as well as for the novice. Monu-

ment Mountain is an excellent place for any novice to try his skill. Although from the highway it resembles Mount Everest, it is a negotiable climb for anyone from six to sixty. Following an easy wood path, one suddenly emerges from the tree line and sees a pink quartzite cliff, sparsely dotted with scrub pine. The climb to the summit is a little more difficult, as there is always the chance of losing one's footing and plunging down an 800-foot cliff as did the young Indian maid.

According to legend an Indian girl fell in love with her cousin, which was against tribal custom. As a punishment she was cast off Squaw Peak, only to be caught on a pine tree which jutted out. There she remained two and one half days, filling the mountain air with her screams. Then a violent thunderstorm arose and a yellow bolt of lightning struck the tree. The girl plunged to her death, never to be found.

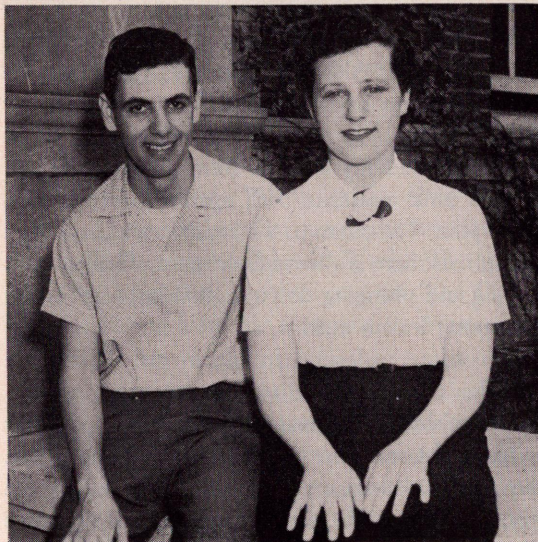
From the top of this mountain one can enjoy the scenic beauty of the lakes, valleys, streams, and villages. Other scenes of interest which can be seen only from the mountain are the Old Man of the Mountain, (shown in the photograph above) and Devil's Pulpit.

The Pittsfield State Forest also affords a pretty walk for the novice. It is a moderate half-mile climb which opens out on a basin in which lies Berry Pond, often called the gem of mountain lakelets.

Once one has conquered the above trails, one should be in condition to challenge the slopes of Mount Greylock. Although a number of these trails are no more difficult than those of Monument Mountain, they are much longer, requiring more time and energy. For the expert climber there are steep, rough, rock-climbing trails which offer excitement and thrills. But whether one hikes the novice trails or the expert trails, or goes by car, once one has reached the summit he will be standing on top of Massachusetts. Greylock, in all its grandeur, offers one of the broadest, grandest, most picturesque views.

Why don't you give your stiff joints a workout? If they are not stiff now they will be. Hiking is good healthy exercise, and who can think of a better way to really enjoy the scenic beauty of Our Berkshires?

WHO'S WHO

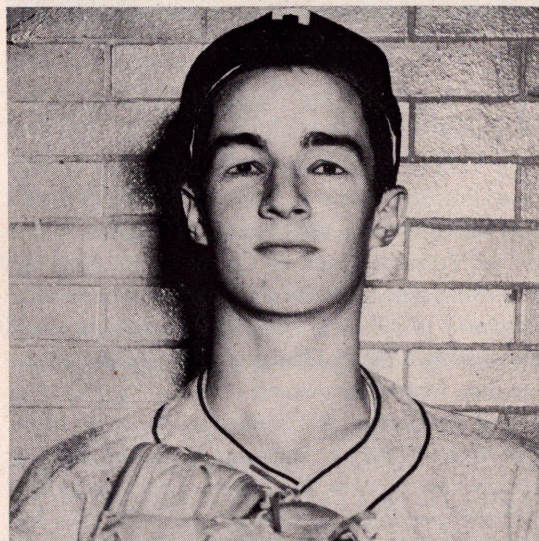


PEGGY LUMMUS

Senior . . . Chairman of the Senior Banquet . . . Senior Home Room Representative . . . President of Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Vice-president of the Cabinet . . . Member of advertising staff of the Yearbook . . . Future plans: to work in General Electric . . . Favorite food: spaghetti.

CARL VALONE

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Senior Banquet . . . President of Senior Hi-Y . . . Member of Hi-Y . . . Member of Ring Committee . . . Member of Cap and Gown Committee . . . Member of Junior Prom Committee . . . Future plans: to be a pilot . . . Pet peeve: Teachers who over-estimate the ability of their students!

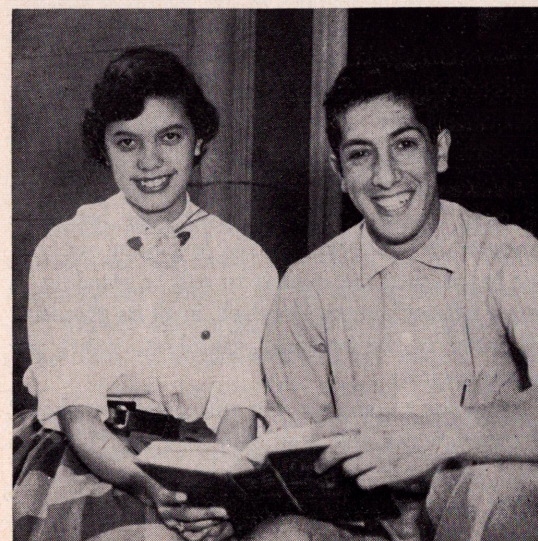


RALPH J. SIMONETA

Senior . . . Cap and Gown Committee . . . Track team . . . Favorites: fried chicken, dancing, Mom's cake . . . Future plans: Air Force . . . Pet peeve: boys who cause trouble in Study Halls.

ANNE DOS REIS

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Cap and Gown Committee . . . Home Room treasurer . . . Treasurer of Beta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Active in sports . . . Favorites: spaghetti and basketball . . . Future plans: working and traveling.



DICK LEE

Plays shortstop on P.H.S. baseball team . . . stage chairman for Senior Class Play . . . Home Room Representative . . . Likes physics and French . . . Favorite expression: "Not especially" . . . Future plans include college . . . Ambition is to retire.

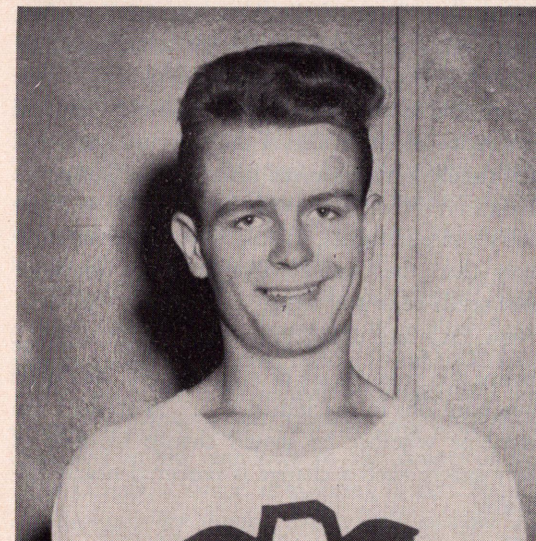
WHO'S WHO

DICK HEIDEL

Senior . . . Varsity baseball in junior and senior years . . . JV basketball for three years . . . Co-chairman of Class Day Committee . . . Pet peeve: People who call me "Ollie!" . . . Favorites: pizza . . . Nickname: "Richie" . . . Future plans: to join the Air Force.

MARILYN McCLUSKEY

Senior . . . Co-chairman of Class Day . . . Nickname: "Micky" . . . Activities: "I can't participate in any because I work" . . . Future plans: to make a career of her voice . . . Favorite food: "Just the pizza" . . . Pet peeve: Customers who want one of these and one of those.



JOANNE ZUORSKI

Senior . . . Co-chairman of the Senior Prom . . . Member of Alpha-Tri-Hi-Y in Junior year . . . Favorites: swimming, riding, eating, Yankees . . . Pet peeve: conceited people . . . Favorite expression: "How's that grab you!" . . . Future plans: to go to the University of Vermont and major in psychology

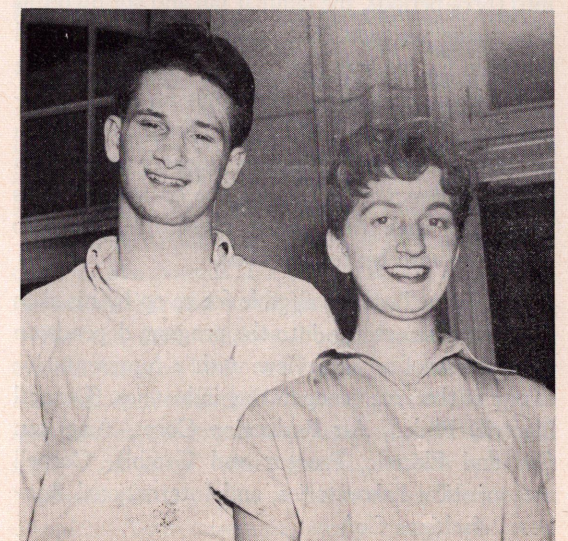
PETE CIMINI

Senior . . . Co-chairman of the Senior Prom . . . Member of Student Council . . . Home Room representative for two years . . . Member of Hi-Y . . . Likes steak, football, baseball . . . Future plans: hopes to go to college . . . Favorite expression: "How's that grab you!"



GUY CHESTER

Senior . . . Captain of track team . . . Senior Prom Decorating Committee . . . Junior Elections Committee . . . Junior Class Representative . . . Pet peeve: St. Joe fans . . . Favorites: pizza, Cleveland, swimming . . . Future plans include Norwich University . . . Comment: "Like fish!"



ALUMNI NOTES

Cornell University
Ithaca, New York
May 8, 1955

Dear Friends,

If you are planning a college education, it may be worthwhile to consider the Industrial Cooperative Program. Schools like M.I.T., R.P.I., and Cornell have excellent engineering co-op programs, while schools like Northeastern and Antioch offer the program in a variety of other fields. A look at Cornell's mechanical and electrical engineering cooperative program may help you realize some of the advantages of this educational plan.

The Cooperative Plan is defined by a Cornell bulletin as "a course of study which schedules the student alternately between school and industry during a substantial portion of his undergraduate work . . . it is a concept of education which recognizes that an engineer cannot be made on a college campus alone; that sometime he must function in the actual environment of industry, and that he can direct his study efforts in school to better advantage when he understands that environment through his own experience in it."

Under the cooperative plan, the year is divided into three periods, the familiar fall and spring terms plus a summer term. The student follows a normal schedule for his first two years at Cornell. At the end of his second year he may apply for the cooperative plan. If accepted, he begins a program in which he will spend three periods in industry and nine in school. Whenever on campus the co-op student is scheduled with his regular classmates. He also graduates with his regular class.

A student becomes eligible for co-op by his class standing. Acceptance into the program depends on the success of an interview with a representative of one of the seven cooperating industries. (General Electric, Philco, Air Reduction Corp., American Gas and Electric, Proctor and Gamble, Cornell Aeronautical Laboratories, and International Business Machines Co.)

Each company's cooperative program is designed to help the student learn about industry. Usually he is given work in the following categories:

- 1) Research and Development
- 2) Testing of finished products
- 3) Engineering work in manufacturing sections

The student travels throughout the Northeast, having a different company assignment and plant location with each working session. He is on the company's payroll and receives between \$65 and \$75 a week.

Dean S. C. Hollister has this to say about the Co-op Plan, "There are certain advantages inherent in this plan: First of all, the cooperative student gets to see a side of the workman which is rarely revealed to the graduate of a regular course . . . He is more able to see the workmen's point of view and their attitudes, their side of the labor question and their thinking on organized labor . . . Secondly, the cooperative student through his knowledge of industry's requirements, is able to study more effectively than the student who does not know for what needs he is preparing.

"Thirdly, the cooperative program shows the student the true nature of industry and the duties of various jobs in the industry . . . A student can determine whether he should change his field of study before such a change is rendered nearly impossible.

"Lastly, the cooperative plan enables industry to provide a continual progression in jobs and a more beneficial type of supervision than can be provided during summer vacation work . . . Upon graduation, the cooperative student is probably better fitted for industry than the regular-course graduate, and certainly the transition from school to industry will not be as large a step."

With best wishes for a wonderful summer vacation,

Sincerely yours,

Dick Moeller

Ed. note: Dick is a former editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

JUNE, 1955

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ALUMNI NOTES

DEAN'S LIST

Quite a few P.H.S. graduates are on the honors list at the University of Massachusetts.

From the class of '51 are Ann M. Eberle, Nadia Fedoryshyn, Jean E. Pruyne, Donald J. Sottung, Regina Garrity, Kenneth K. Wilde, and Robert S. Cohen.

Those from the class of '52 are Arthur E. Bailey, Janet E. Lewis, Elizabeth A. Frisch, Barbara L. Jordon, Madeleine May, and Francis MacNamara, Jr.

The only one from the class of '54 is Katherine H. Maguire.

OTHER NEWS

Donald Clark, '51, has been selected to play a part in the school production of "Mr. Roberts." He is also president of the Christian Assn.

Paula Coughlin, '52, recently was elected president of German House, her college dormitory.

Robert B. Lambert, '47, graduates this year from Harvard School of Business Administration. After graduating from Holy Cross in 1951, Robert worked for two years at the Ford Motor Company in Somerville, before entering Harvard.

Emily Dennis, '51, was one of the Vassar College students who exhibited paintings during the American Art Week sponsored by the Dutchess County Art Association in November. Professional as well as amateur artists contributed paintings which were displayed in the windows of the county stores. Miss Dennis, a senior, is majoring in Art. She was set designer for Junior Party, and is now Art Editor of the Vassar Chronicle. She has also been active in the Outing Club.

MAGAZINE PUBLICITY

Two P.H.S. graduates have been written up in "School Shop," the magazine for teachers of Industrial Education published monthly at Mount Morris, Illinois.

They are John Silen, '43, a graduate of the Vocational Course at P.H.S. and proprietor of his own garage in Lanesboro, said to have the largest and best-equipped repair garage north of Pittsfield; and Severino Marchetto, '40, also a graduate of the Vocational Course. Mr. Marchetto was a member of the first machine shop course and is now co-owner of the Marland Plastic Mold Company.

Recipe for a Reception

By Eileen Willner, '56

THE recipe for a reception is fairly simple. Any cause to give one will do—a wedding, a graduation, an open house, anything.

The first major ingredient is an afternoon which the weather bureau has declared would be mild, sunny, and fine for an afternoon outdoors. Naturally, it will be either a tropical heat-wave or a polar bear's delight, complete with showers, snow, and mud.

Your second major element is the guests. If the reception is to take place in a hall, invite fifty guests; if you are sacrificing the peace and comforts of your home, have at least one hundred.

Those are your basic condiments. The other details are not as important—but they are always present.

First are four or five women who have not seen each other anywhere from ten days to ten months and absolutely must stand in the middle of the room and exchange greetings. Their conversation runs somewhat like this:

"My dear, how you have changed! Wasn't your hair black instead of blonde?"

"I never would have recognized you if it weren't for that same old dress. You know, I said to Mildred, 'Mildred, I bet that's Louella. I'd know her purple dress any where.'"

And of course, the inevitable two who are somehow related, "Let me see. Isn't my Uncle Horace your Aunt Abitha's third cousin's grandfather? And how is your dear great-Uncle Wilbert?"

But you don't have to add five back-slapping "self-made" men who just thrive on long speeches and big black cigars. They show up anyway, as does the family of eight who "were just driving along and saw the cars and thought we'd drop in and—oh my, don't those cookies smell grand!"

Order ten pounds of cookies if it is a small reception, five pounds if a large one. Do not forget melted sherbet and warm ginger-ale.

For the final touches, liberally scatter ten or twelve "angelic little tots" who will keep you in suspense as to whether they will break the priceless vase or the brand new lamp next. And, for a really "inhuman" time, garnish with a splitting headache and laryngitis in the morning. Voila! it is complete! Your miserable, merry reception!

MEET THE FACULTY

MISS ANN NUGENT

Teaches retail selling . . . Born in Pittsfield . . . Attended Pittsfield public schools and graduated from Pittsfield High School . . . Received an A.B. from the College of Saint Rose in Albany, New York, and an M.E. from North Adams State Teachers' College . . . Also studied retailing at New York University . . . After graduating from Saint Rose, she worked as assistant buyer at England Brothers, then taught first and second grades before coming to Pittsfield High . . . Likes flowers, golf, and especially fabrics and fashions . . . Member of the College Club.



MR. LOUIS GREEN

Teaches Technical and General Industrial Arts . . . Born in Pittsfield . . . Graduated from P.H.S. and North Adams State Teachers' College . . . Married and has two children . . . Enjoys hunting and fishing.



MISS MARGARET C. MANVEL

Born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts . . . Graduated from the State Teachers' College at Framingham, where she received her B.S. degree, and from the Teachers' College at Columbia University, where she obtained her M.A. degree . . . Favorites: golf, food and traveling . . . Pet peeve: gum chewing in her class . . . Comment: "Pittsfield High is a pretty nice place to teach."



SCHOOL NOTES

ELEANOR APTACY, FRANCES BIENICK, JUDY BARLOW, MARTHA COX, SUE CONNORS, DOT CLARK, BONNIE CLARK, BEATRICE COWELL, MARJORIE DUNN, SHEILA DOYLE, PAT FRANK, ELEANOR FARRELL, MARGO GAUL, PAT GILLISPIE, CYNTHIA JASON, BARBARA MCCARTHY, MARILYN MARKS, CONNIE NEFORES, PAT TURNER, KAREN TIERNEY, SUE WISLEK, PAT WHALEN, MARJORIE WILSON, EILEEN WILLNER, SUE WILBUR.

MUSIC NOTES

The band, orchestra, girls' glee club, and the P.H.S. cadettes, with Mr. Wayne and Miss McNaughton, participated in the Western Massachusetts Music Festival held in Chicopee on Saturday, May 21.

The band played for the Boy Scouts' Circus in Wahconah Park on May 28. They also paraded on Memorial Day and played for Class Day and graduation.

The music department has been informed that the 1956 State Music Education Convention will be held in Pittsfield, and the All-State band, orchestra and chorus will be heard here during the convention. The more talented students in the state will perform at P.H.S.

FIELD TRIP

On May 12 fourteen boys, one teacher, and five oil men spent a day at the Esso Oil Refinery in Everett, Massachusetts. The lucky ones were Bruce Zwingelstein, Stuart Page, John Leahy, Charles Najimy, Robert Bilger, Stanley Supranowicz, Jerry Kowalski, John Persing, Leighton Leno, Thomas Saboski, William Bebeko, John Kerwood, Douglas Smith, and Richard Landergan. They were under the supervision of Mr. James Davidson, an instructor at Pittsfield High School.

After meetings, speeches, films, and lunch, the group went on a guided tour of the refinery and the research laboratories. Later in the afternoon they visited the state house where they met Representatives Crawford and Enright. The group had dinner at the Abner Wheeler House in Framingham. The boys are all very grateful to the Oil Industry Information Committee for sponsoring the wonderful trip.

1956 YEARBOOK STAFF

The 1956 Yearbook has gotten under way. Editor-in-chief Toni Lincks has named the staff as follows: Toni Tesoniero, tributes; Martha Cox, girls' sports; Jack Leahy, boys' sports; Peggy MacCarthy and Gollan Root, the class; Bonni Clark, activities; Bill Noble, art; Judy Abrams, classroom scenes; and Eileen Willner, statistics. The staff is hunting for good, clear photos of any members of the Class of '56 taken when sophomores or juniors. If anyone has a photo he thinks would be suitable, please bring it to Miss Pfeiffer in Room 233 or to any of the staff members.

S.A.S. ASSEMBLIES

There were two S.A.S. assemblies in the past six weeks. The first was entitled, "What I Have Found Out About You!" Val Lauder was the speaker. She is a vivacious, attractive, young woman, who has been editor of the Keen-Teen section of the Chicago Daily News since she was nineteen.

Her talk to us was filled with experience stories, many of which she has used in her column. She spoke with the enthusiasm of youth, and her talk was very interesting.

On April 13, 1955, we had an informative talk about the United Nations by a young Asian who had won an essay contest about the U. N. and was now speaking about it in high schools throughout the U. S.

Some of the points he brought out were: (1) To the young people of foreign countries, the U. N. is a sign of hope. (2) The young people of the U. S. take too much for granted. The Asians have many more hardships than we, but they appreciate little things. (3) The U. N. not only fights communism, but tries to alleviate the suffering of the people that need aid.

His talk was followed by a question period.

TECHNICAL NEWS

Bob Fuller reports that in connection with their studies in mechanics the juniors visited the Crane Mills in Dalton and the Berkshire Woolen Mill. They were lectured on the technical operations involved in producing the finished products.

The seniors, also, have had several interesting talks and field trips in connection with their electrical work.

They witnessed a spectacular lightning display at the G.E. High Voltage Lab; and Mr. Mason, a G.E. engineer, gave a lecture on the production and uses of transformers.

After a close first half, the Volts, captained by Bill Pulaski, pulled ahead to win easily the Technical Bowling League title. Prizes were awarded to all members of the winning team, to Dick Londergan for the highest total pin-fall during the entire year, to Frankie Pulaski for the high total of 330, to Paul Whitney for the high single of 128, and to John Wilder for perfect attendance. All the members went to Boston on May 15 to watch a double header between Boston and Detroit as a climax to the season.

The annual Tech outing will be held at Camp Russell on Richmond Pond. Don Davis, Bob Brazeau, and Bill Pulaski are in charge of the event. As usual, there will be a tremendous amount of food; and the highlight will be a baseball game between the juniors and the seniors.

RETAIL SALES NEWS

The Retail Sales Class took its annual field trip on May 16 to an out-of-town shopping center, Lord and Taylor's in West Hartford, Conn.

On May 11th in Room 107 the guest speaker, Mr. Louis Minafra from Stevens, Inc., talked to the girls on interior decorating. This talk was in connection with the girls' study of color, line and design.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

SHEETMETAL

In this department, film racks for Mr. McMahon of the Audio Visual Aid were done by L. Pulver and Ray Ferrarin. Also, Gordon Gray and Joe Merriam have done a paint cabinet for the Auto-Body department.

DRAFTING

Peter Knysh, and Vic (Paul Bunyan) Standard have completed a set of blueprints including four elevations, basement and floor plans. These were drawn according to Veterans' Administration specifications under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

Dan Hamilton has also completed a drawing for a backstop to be used at the junior high baseball fields. Philip Daoust and Colin Kelly blueprinted over one hundred and fifty blueprints for shop projects in the machine shop. Bill Weigand also drew up a Vise to be made in the Machine Shop. Dan Butrymowicz, Don DeFino, and Fred Delamarter are working on drawings for new equipment to be used in the gym.

CABINETMAKING

This Vocational woodworking department has Joe Scalise, Gerald Vuillemont, and Paul Corriveau doing filing cabinets for the police department. Dave Chapman, Henry Frederick, Charles Hamilton and Cliff Adams have just completed putting new tops on the drawing tables for room 102. Also, a mail box for the Red Feather agency was done by Joseph Magnone, Larry Marchisio and Joe Puia.

PRINTING

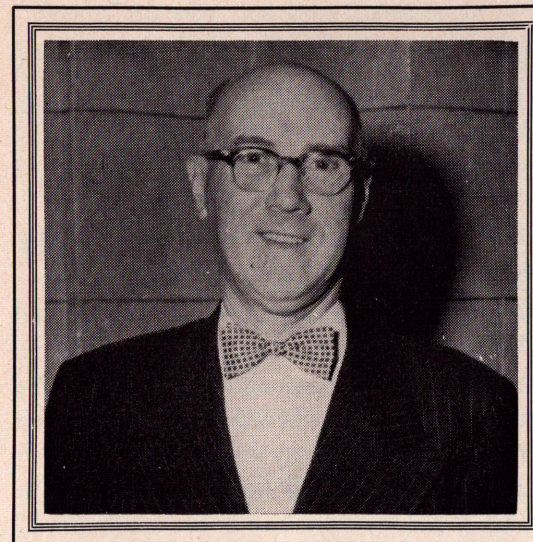
Next year's Programs of Studies were printed by Don MacWhinnie, Chuck Gans, Jim Mazzeo and Dick Blis. The invitations for the Vocational Open House, a very beautiful print job, was done by Don Clark, Tom Dietline, Wadell Williamson, and Bob Woodine. The magazine, "Your Public Schools," was done by John Rocca, Paul Neff, Chuck Gans, Don MacWhinnie and Jim Blanche. John Rocca, Paul Neff and Jim Overbaugh printed the booklet, "Looking Forward To School." The Music Concert Programs were printed by Don King, Bill Jefferson, Peter Frank and Ed Gallent. To conclude, the Open House Fliers were done by Dick Fairfield and Bob Milotte.

WELDING

This department has taken on a new look. All machines and equipment have been freshly painted under the supervision of Albert Celmeida. Jim Passmore has completed a set of railings for his home. Portable basketball backboards are in the works for the elementary schools. Football posts have been completed for Mr. Stanley's elementary sports program.

BOYS' SPORTS

PAT WHALEN, BARRY LEVINE, MARTHA COX, FRANK MURPHY, MAUREEN CONNORS, DON TERPAK, KEN CASSIDY,
DON CLARK



COACH FOX

P.H.S. is big; P.H.S. is strong; and the students of P.H.S. have many interests. What is the one thing which holds us together? That's easy. Our sport teams. What are they doing? Who is playing? When do they play? Whom? And that brings us to what concerns it now.

For the last ten years our athletic program has been captained by one whom we all know and like—Mr. Art Fox. He is a man who has given his time, energy, and interest to the boys of P.H.S. Many of our students because of his training have gone on to higher education and further athletic success; others, who remained in Pittsfield, have continued to show their interest and ability in athletics, both for themselves and for younger people.

There is little to add to the plaudits Coach Fox has already received from citizens and students alike. Let us say on this, "We're glad you've been with us, Coach. You've served us well. In our book, you've been tops. Hope we can do as well as you in whatever we attempt." Ave atque vale!—but only as a coach. We are glad you are to remain as a member of the faculty.

BASEBALL

Starting the season with a bang, P.H.S. defeated Lee High, 6-0. Pittsfield fans had their first look at the pitching staff which Coach Fox has to work with for his final season of coaching. The combined efforts of Ed ("Red") Plouffe, Al ("Frenchie") Litano, and Dave Schultz held Lee High to a single hit, behind Al Clayson's home run.

Friday, April 22, the Purple and White, seeking their second victory of the season, took the field against St. Joseph's (N. A.). "Red" Plouffe, having one of his special days, held St. Joe to a scoreless game. Helped by Al Clayson's second home run of the season, P.H.S. came up with six runs and had a perfect day in the field.

Pittsfield took to the road to face Williamstown in what turned out to be a very well played ball game. With the combined pitching of Al Litano and Dave Schultz, P.H.S. came out on top with a score of 6 to 0, for win number three.

The real test for the Pittsfield nine was the game with the highly rated Adams team. The contest was undecided until the final inning when calm ball playing and clutch hitting brought P.H.S. victory by the score of 2-1. Don Terpak turned what could have been a troublesome hit into an out by an excellent fielding play at third. Ed Plouffe pitched.

At their next game in Dalton, the Purple and White suffered their first defeat. Bad fielding and lack of hitting proved fatal to P.H.S. Dave Schultz pitched a commendable game, losing it in the last inning through an error. Chris Gilson homered in the second inning to account for Pittsfield's lone run. John Genzabella halted a sixth inning rally by Dalton, but the P.H.S. nine lost by a score of 2-1.

On Monday, May 2, Pittsfield played host to Springfield Tech for their annual exhibition game. Al Litano had full control and set down the powerful Connecticut Valley opponents, 5-3, in Pittsfield's only nine inning game so far this season. Good hitting and excellent fielding proved too much for the Tech nine.

On the following day at Clapp Park, the fans witnessed a nervous St. Joe (Pitts.) team try to

overcome the powerful P.H.S. nine. Captain Mike Tully connected for a triple to start off a three run rally in the sixth inning. "Red" Plouffe's pitching, excellent as usual, resulted in St. Joe's obtaining a few scattered hits and Pittsfield's victory, 4-1.

P.H.S. met a determined St. Joe (N. A.) at Clapp Park the following Wednesday, May 11, and defeated the "Warriors" from North Adams by a score of 7-5. Dick Lee and Bob Steiner each hit a triple and Chris Gilson and Dave Sholz pitched.

A combination of determination, good hitting, excellent fielding, and top notch baseball accounts for Pittsfield's sole possession of first place in the Northern Berkshire League. Good luck to the baseball team. We hope you keep up the good work. (This was written on May 12, and the standing may have changed, but we think that it will remain as such for the entire season.)

* * * * *

GOLF

Pittsfield High's golf team opened its season by overwhelming Lee High 17-1 at the Berkshire Hills Country Club on May 10. It was match play, and John Dunham, Dick Perrone, Charles Carlo, and Pete Conry all scored three points each for the winners. Also playing for P.H.S. were John Cook and Robert Kinsella. Good luck this season.

* * * * *

TRACK

A strong Berkshire School track team beat the Purple and White at Alumni Day in Sheffield, as Berkshire took five of the field events and one sprint. The final score was 62-51. On the track, P.H.S. took the 100-yard dash, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, and the one mile. On the field, P.H.S. won the Javelin throw and tied with Berkshire for the high jump.

"Mike" Bradley won the 100-yard dash with a time of :10.7. Ralph Simonetta won the 440-yard run in :56.4, with Myron Metropole third. Captain Guy Chester took the half mile with a time of 2:10.1, a lead of half a lap, and Gordon Chader was third. Guy also won the mile, with Bob Rohlf's second, and Dick Pryde third. The winning time was 5:01.5.

On the field, Ray Reynolds won the javelin throw by throwing 149 feet, 10½ inches; Joe Si-

monetta was third. Ed Mitchell was tied for first place with Rennie Spaulding in the high jump with 5 feet, 6 inches.

Good luck in your future meets.

* * * * *

SOLUTION TO BASEBALL BRAIN TEASER

The players or positions are listed here in the order in which they are most easily found. The numbers refer to the clues which can be used to determine the position each man plays.

1. A close examination of clues 4 and 10 quickly tells us that Frank is the second baseman.

2. Very similarly, clues 1, 4, and 10 show Ed to be the shortstop.

3. George cannot be an outfielder (7 and 1), the pitcher (7), the catcher (7 and 9), or the first baseman (7 and 6); so he is the third baseman.

4. Carl is not an outfielder (1), or the pitcher or catcher (7 and 9); so he must be the first baseman.

5. The centerfielder, besides the players already found, cannot be Bob or Jim (4 and 8), Dick (4 and 5), or Hank (3, 4, and 5); so Al is the centerfielder.

6. Bob cannot be the pitcher or catcher (2 and 8), or the rightfielder (6 and 8); so he is the leftfielder.

7. Jim, like Bob, is not the pitcher or catcher; therefore he must be the rightfielder.

8. Dick is either the pitcher or the catcher, but clue five indicates he is not the pitcher; so he catches for the team.

9. Hank, the only player left, is the pitcher.

GYM EXHIBITION

To pay tribute to the wonderful work that the P.H.S. gym instructors do with the boys and girls each year, a wonderful and very successful exhibition was presented twice in the auditorium. The exhibition, held bi-annually, is better each year.

Precision was the key word this year, as the boys, coached by the grand man of P.H.S., Mr. Carmody, did a superb job with their quick and clever maneuvers. Between portions of the show, the audience was entertained by the antics of the clowns. It has now been proven what the boys can learn under Coach Carmody's supervision.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Editors—Susan Strong, Patricia Stanley, Elizabeth Gomes, Jane Massimiano

THE PING-PONG TOURNAMENT

Brenda Aaronson and Joan Cullen ought to be mighty proud of themselves for capturing first and second places, respectively, in the annual ping-pong tournament. These two juniors topped a field of 38 contenders.

Congratulations, girls, and good luck next year!

SOFTBALL

The Pittsfield High softball season got off to a fine start this year. Approximately one-hundred and twenty girls from all three classes signed up.

The sophomores practiced on Tuesdays and Fridays, the juniors on Wednesdays, and the seniors on Thursdays.

These girls played on their own class teams and because of this, we had some pretty keen competition. Each class was divided into teams of fifteen. An interclass tournament was held during the week of May 23rd.

The winning team will receive letters and the other teams will be awarded numerals.

THE SWIMMING MEET

It looks as if the seniors have done it again! However, credit should not be given only to them as the sophomores and the one junior girl who swam did an excellent job.

The results of the meet, which consisted of eight events, is as follows:

100-YARD FREE STYLE

1st. Julianne Heye
2nd. Madeline Maynard
3rd. Edith Peck

LAZY RACE

1st. Beatrice Evans
2nd. Linda Frissell
3rd. Edith Peck

EASTER EGG HUNT

1st. Barbara Fairfield
2nd. Marjorie Loach
3rd. Edith Peck

FREE STYLE RACE

1st. Judy Fairfield
2nd. Mary Ann Meinhardt
3rd. Tie between Linda Place and Mary Ellen Fassell

50-YARD CRAWL

1st. Marjorie Loach
2nd. Kay Smith
3rd. Edith Peck

DEMONSTRATION BREAST STROKE

1st. Julianne Heye
2nd. Gerry Somerville

BALLOON RACE

1st. Elizabeth Kubli
2nd. Edith Peck
3rd. Beatrice Evans.

DIVING RACE

Tie between—
Gerry Somerville
and Julianne Heye



OUR OWN CADETTES

On April 1st, in the auditorium, the Pittsfield High School Cadettes made their debut at the Gym Exhibition. This performance displayed the skill and precision of the sophomore and junior girls who have worked so diligently to perfect their routines.

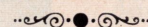
On April 4th a repeat performance was made to raise money for the girl's uniforms, which consist of purple corduroy skirts and vests and long-sleeved white blouses. These uniforms will be retained by the school for succeeding drill teams.

Other events for the Cadettes were a trip to Chicopee, May 21st, and a performance in the Memorial Day Parade.

Keep up the good work, girls! We think you are doing a terrific job. We also wish to thank Miss McNaughton for the fine coaching job.

Drill Team—Maureen Connors, Marie Cozzolino, Beth Forgey, Barbara Fairfield, Janet Krasky, Lois Landy, Joan Menin, Eileen Provost, Mary Porter, Maryann Zaorski, Judy Dunlevy, Nancy Edmonds, Marilyn Dastoli, Brenda Merlet, Beverly Ginipero, Mary Monterosso, Beverly Carlo, Elaine Clark, Martha Cox, Maryann Garrity, Patricia Delamater, Nancy Flaherty, Kit Gillispie, Claudine Huddy, Sandra Knox, Vivian Levitt, Barbara McCarthy, Patricia Morton, Madeline Morris, Beverly Mazza, Betty Ann Peer, Angio Petruzella, Helen Radgowski, Patricia Turner, Lorraine Vitone, Margery Wilson, Patricia Whalen, Sue Wilbur, Barbara Maxwell, Ronda Thomas.

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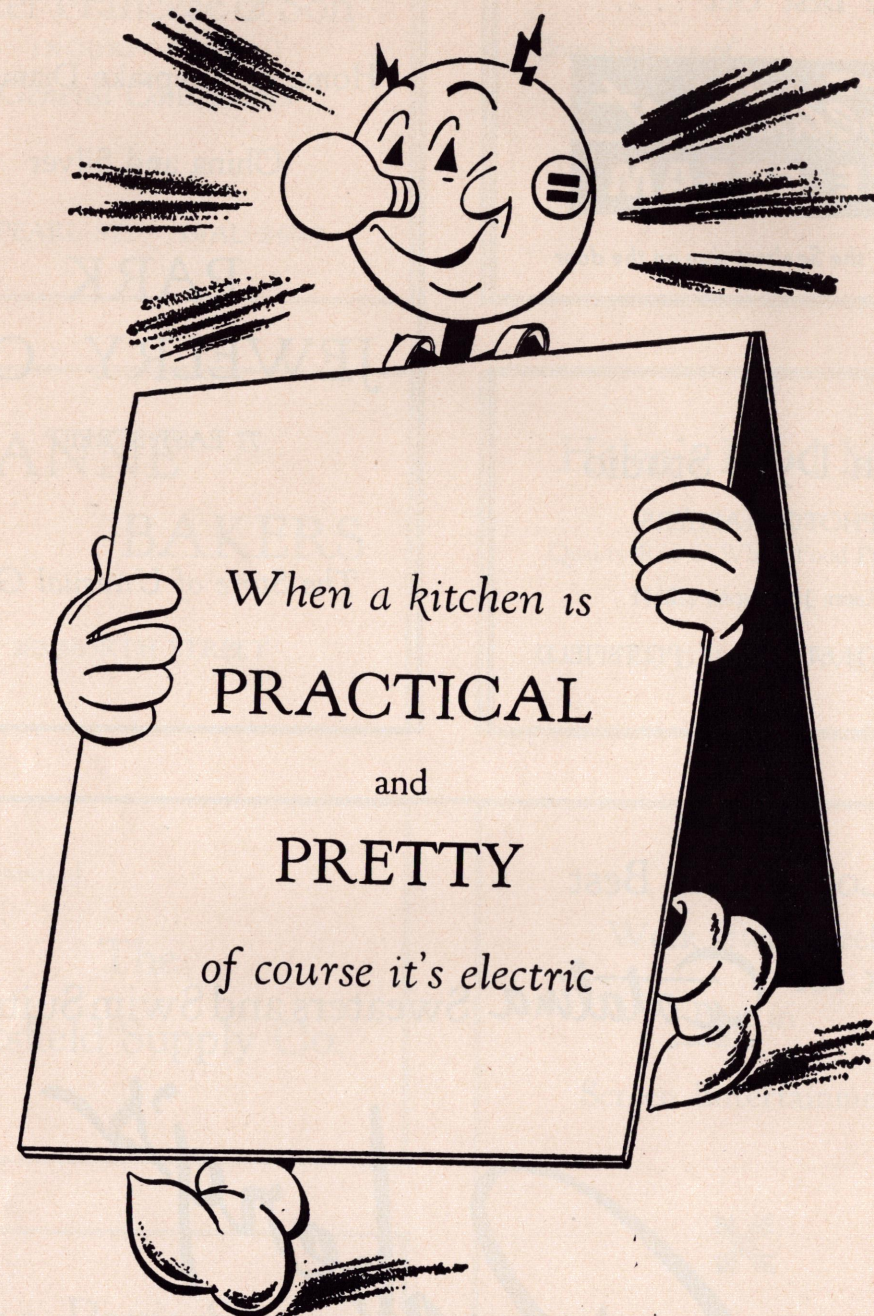
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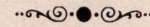
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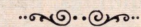
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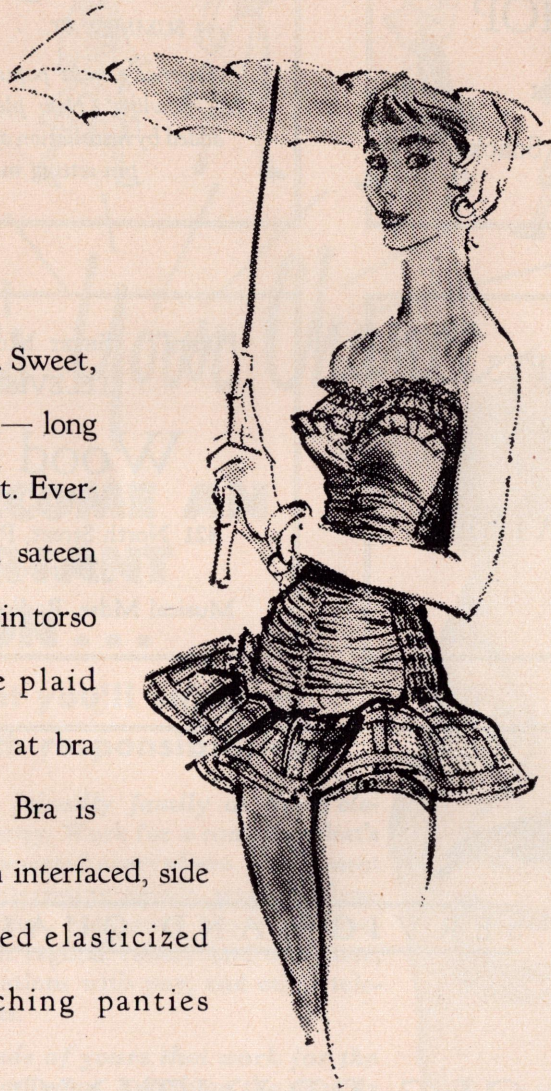
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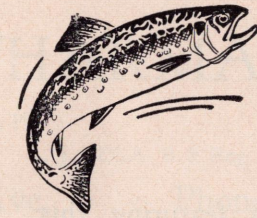
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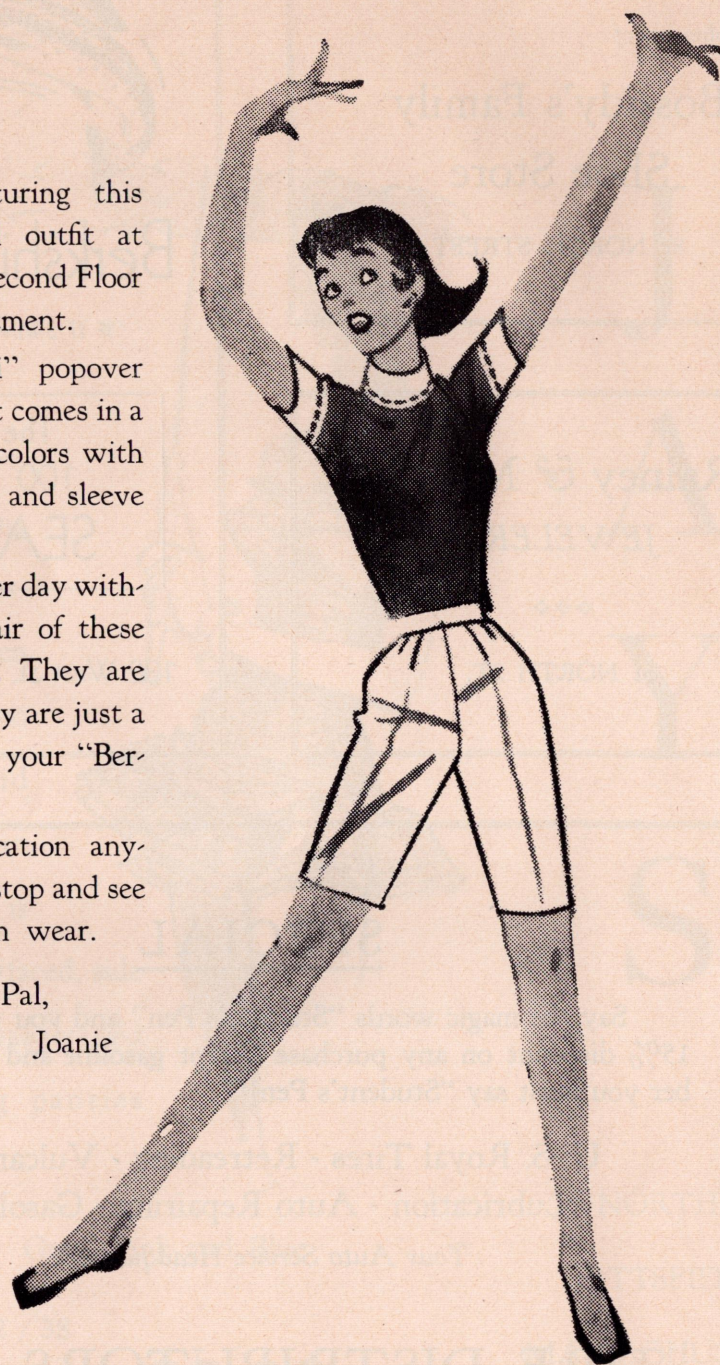
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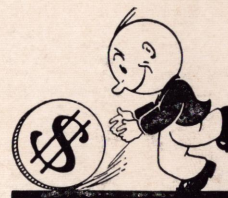
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